

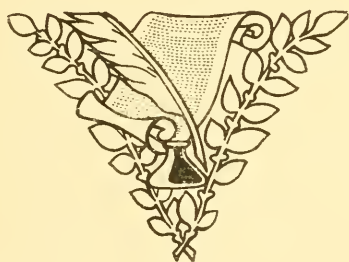
PS 3511
I527
44
1918
Copy 1

 EART

 YRICS

REBECCA L. FINCH

HEART LYRICS



REBECCA L. FINCH

PS3511
I 527 H4
1918

COPYRIGHTED
November 1918
BY REBECCA L. FINCH

PRINTING BY HALBERT R. STEPHENS
DECEMBER, 1918
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

DEC 30 1918

©CL.A509918

The End of the Road

*WILL you come with me to the end of
the road?*

*To the end that traileth away
Down thru the lanes where the heavy load
Of each day's burden makes us sway
And totter, grow faint and ill,
Where we long for the touch of a vanished
hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.*

*Oh! come, my love, and tread with me,
This lonely road that winds by the sea.
The path—so sharp and keen an edge—
Akin to a razor's edge may be.
So hand in hand may we walk slong
This winding path, our heartbeats strong,
Our souls attuned to the self-same song.*

My Tryst.

I *MUST keep my tryst with the God of War
On the western front where the heroes are.
As they falter and fall in broken array,
Others to meet Him are rushed to the fray.
When my turn comes my tryst I will keep
With this God of War, tho' loved ones weep.
Into No-Man's-Land as I creep along
Thru bursting shell and hissing bomb,
My tryst is uppermost, near or far,
On this western front where the heroes are.*

Friend of Mine.

O *FRIEND of mine! I love you, dear.
There's a tugging at my heart
And a straining of the ear
When I hear thy footsteps near.*

*Thy 'arms 'round me, thy cheek 'gainst
mine,
My thoughts of thee like rarest wine.
Oh! love so sweet, Oh! friendship fair,
No more of grief, no more of care.*

*And yet my love's akin to pain,
The keenest pain that one can know;
When all my heart's blood feels the strain
Of muscle tense, and action slow.*

*And yet I know, dear heart so true,
My love shall ever be for you
A perfume sweet, a blossom fair,
Whose full unfoldment we shall share.*

Retrospect.

*I***N** the dim vaults of Yesterday,
Are many loves I held most dear.
I lift the lid, and tenderly
I gaze with falling tear,

*On this wan ghost, and that one there,
And smile while yet I weep.
These forms I builded with such care,
And peopled with ideals so fair,*

*Deserted now, and but a wraith
Of what they used to be.
My heart is sad, for the aftermath
Holds memories sweet for me.*

*I close the lid, for it is not wise
To look too long at Yesterday.
A new day dawns, new loves arise
Who greet me in the same dear way.*

My Love and I.

*MY Love and I went a-journeying!
To the gray-green sea
With its sighs and its moans,
And the waves that dash
And roar and splash,
On sand and shell
And the gravelly stones.
My Love and I went a-journeying!*

*My Love and I went a-journeying!
Hand in hand we sped along
With heart-beats loud and strong—
Suffocatingly strong—
We two,
As we went a-journeying.*

*My Love and I went a-journeying!
On the shore of the noisy sea
Sat we down.
Dreamily we watched the sea-gulls' flight,
As they circled away and out of sight.
Then close we sat with our hands clasped
tight,
My Love and I,
As we went a-journeying.*

*My Love and I went a-journeying!
Our thoughts soared high,
And winged their way
With many a sigh,
To far-off heights.
'Twas joy that was pain,
This soaring so high,
'Twas divine!
When Love and I went a-journeying!*

*My Love and I went a-journeying!
Ah! would that the journey might last
Forever, alway!
That the foam of the gray-green sea
Might ever envelop and keep,
And hold in its misty deep,
We two,
As we go a-journeying!*

A Birthday Verse.

*A BIRTHDAY gift to thee, my Friend,
Oh! Friend of long ago,
These run thru many ages gone,
And yet—'tis ever so:
The friends we hold close to our hearts
Are ever held that way,
Nor chance nor fate may alter this;
Our hearts are bound and stay.*

True Love.

T*TRUE love lies in giving, not seeking
The love of the loved in return.
Then I may adore without speaking,
And a valuable lesson may learn.*

*The self ever seeks to be uppermost,
So each time I crush and despise,
Rare blooms may be bruised and broken,
But the sweetest of perfumes will rise.*

*The perfume is better by far,
Than the rarest of flowers I ween.
Distill-ed essence, the soul's very own,
And I of my soul, am the Queen.*

A Symbol.

A*WEE tiny bit of blue heather
Flashing out 'tween the boulders gray,
A symbol to draw us together,
And give us the courage to pray.
The boulder gray, doth protection give
To the tiny blue flower beside.
It shelters it so that it may live,
And shine forth in beauty, whate'er betide.*

The Moon.

I PEEP at you over the big round moon,
I peep and dare you to play.
But you think I am only a big buffoon,
And carelessly turn away.

I peep and I wink and I wig-wag at you,
But you do not seem to see.
All these years I have searched for you,
And now you won't play with me.

So I'll sit on the horn of the little moon,
And ever alone I'll be:
While you make gay with the lighter
loves,
But never make gay with me.

Thoughts.

I WANDERED slowly down the lane
A-thinking, dear, of you.
The lofty hills, the level plain,
The rugged elms, the endless chain
Of beauty true.

And as I wandered slowly down
This lane so still and green,
My thoughts sped back some years ago
To a shining day whose golden sheen
Illumined you.

Your hand in mine securely held,
Your eyes so tender, true,
Eyes whose hidden depths disclosed
A mirrored soul-light fair and pure
As Heaven's own.

To My Love.

WHAT have I done to merit love?
Naught, I confess, save that I've given
A love so great, no power can move,
So strongly has my heart been riven.

*I must not grieve if thou dost not care,
Or caring, still may deem it well
To not return thy heart's full share,
But build a strong protecting shell*

*Around thyself, and not permit
This tide of love that surges strong as fate,
To ruffle thee, for fear of fret
That might distress the soul's calm state.*

*True love does not require response,
But only asks a chance to love.
If there's to be no recompense,
Then I must love thee more, to prove*

*My heart's unselfish love for thee,
Is for thy happiness and joy.
'Tis vain to think what haps to me,
That matters not. My heart's employ*

*Shall be to see thou'rt happy, well.
So transient joys may weave their spell
O'er thee, while I in solitude will pray,
And love thee thru the endless day.*

Stay Home, My Heart.

*STAY home my heart, and rest.
What seems to thee a vision fair
Is naught but restless undersea,
And treachery lurketh there.*

*Stay home my heart and rest.
And make for thee a bower
Where love and happiness may stay,
And peace dwell every hour.*

*Stay home my heart, no longer stray
To blissful fields in meadows gay.
Beside the hearth where the warm fire
glows,
The soul expands and buds and grows.*

*Here dwells Truth and Peace and Love,
Virtures rare for those who come
To rest a while in "Home sweet Home"
Stay home my heart, and do not rove.*

The Soldier.

A *DEAR* little boy in a coat of blue,
Went marching and singing the whole
day thru.
His voice, so lusty and full and strong,
Went out in a gay little, dear little song.

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!
Up in the air so blue.
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!
A soldier I am so true.

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!
To my flag I m true blue.
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!
I'll fight for her honor true.

So up and down he marched and sang,
So loyal and brave and true.
A lesson for grown-ups who care not a hang
For their flag with its field so blue.

My Friend.

*TENDERLY, truly, I think of thee
And ponder your words to me.
Dear sweet words, in a whisper low,
“I truly and tenderly love you so.”*

*Truth and tenderness coupled together,
What a mighty force they wield.
Upheavals of Nature, wind and weather,
Trees uprooted in the field,*

*These are as naught to the soul's deep
stress,
The storm that leaves the soul so shriven,
Then the dear hands of my friend doth
press,*

*And make me realize the haven
Of truth and tenderness all about,
The trust and friendship dear.
The stress is gone, the storm is naught,
When these dear words I hear.*

Karma.

MY fevered brow, my aching brain,
A throbbing heart that bears the strain
Of absence, love distraught,
This mighty force that surges up
From out the past unsought,

*It brings to me the harsh effect
Of causes long ago sent out.
The sorrows that I'd fain correct,
The joys that have been put to rout,
Are what the years have brought.*

*The simple tasks I daily do,
The kindly words I speak to you,
The noble deeds, the friendly smile,
Or harsh and cruel, all the while
Karma is building true.*

*Then I will make this one resolve—
To never speak the thoughtless word,
Nor spare the friendly smile.
I'll slay the self with love's keen sword,
And pray and serve the while.*

My Light.

*THE load is heavy, my heart is sad,
I peer thru the gloom and try to see
Something ahead to make me glad,
But it seems there is nothing for me.*

*But what does it matter to me,
If the old world's darkness and gloom
Should cover me up like the fog o'er the sea,
And the darkness be that of the tomb?*

*I am only a tiny wee flame,
Sent forth by the God of love,
To illumine the sound of His name
And turn men's thoughts up above.*

*So my business it is to tend
My little flame so bright.
Never caring about the gloom
That hovers over my light.*

*My radiance afar shall gleam
And my heart must devoted be.
So that all on life's wide stream
Will pierce the gloom and see.*

Disappointed.

AND so you've found me out!
A disappointment sore I've been.
A weakling! sorely tossed about,
But with an aching heart, I ween.

A heart that loves and aches for you,
Despite the shaft so keen.
A greater nobler soul, more true
You thought me, and I should have been.

Yes, I am but a poor weak thing,
With naught of virtue proud,
Save love so great it bids me fling
Defiance to the motley crowd.

Ah! yes, I sense more than you know.
This love of which you speak,
Is born of sacrifice I trow,
On either side, and yet methinks,

It seems a thrust so bitter, keen,
That sears anew this wound so deep.
"A greater soul" you thought me? I seem
To sense my failure, and will ever keep

Drawn round my soul a curtain fair,
That none may guess is hidden there
A new-made grave, smoothed down with
care,

Of buried hopes, in which you share.

Disappointment, keen tho' it be,
In desert drear, of waiting love,
To sweetest joys transmuted be,
And Angel messengers will come

To press soft hands on eyes that ache
And sting with weight of tears unshed.
Of a radiance fair we may partake,
And friendship's halo round us spread.

Deserted.

ARE you my Love? Then come to me,
And take my kisses –all for thee.
The day is late, you come not soon—
The shadows lengthen, 'tis afternoon.

My heart grows faint at your delay,
Today will soon be yesterday.
Our life's short day will soon be o'er.
I see the lights on yonder shore.

Full soon our boat will anchor there,
Then no more sadness nor despair.
But now my heart is sad and sore,
My loved one comes to me no more.

Alas! Alack! my foolish heart
Still calls and mourns, and yet apart
We stay. You do not seem to see
Me moan and cry and yearn for thee.

In Flanders Field.

*MY heart is out in Flanders Field,
Where poppies gay
Nod heads all day
Like sprites at play,
O'er graves in Flanders Field.*

*My heart is out in Flanders Field,
With crosses white,
O'er eyes so bright,
Now closed so tight—
Our boys in Flanders Field.*

*In Flanders Field, in Flanders Field,
Mid poppies gay
My heart will stay,
Nor ever stray,
From the graves in Flanders Field.*

Chorus.

*In Flanders Field, in Flanders Field,
My heart is there all day.*

Whate'er Thou Do, Do Well.

*ABOVE the din and strife and shrieks,
Above the shot and shell,
A voice within insistent speaks—
“Whate'er thou do, do well.”*

*So if I hurl the deadly shell
Or wield the cruel steel—
The blow that sounds the funeral knell—
I must not pause, I must not feel.*

*This cankered sore that threatens the world
Must come beneath the surgeon's knife.
These deadly hordes be backward hurled,
By eager ready men for strife.*

Query vs. Query.

*YOU ask if 'tis best that we travel together
Thru endless days, and all kinds of weather.
If our love is so infinitely strong and great,
'Twill stretch onward and thru Eternity's
gate.*

*You ask if 'tis wise that we travel this road
That winds by the sea and along thru
the wood.
Are we ever sure of our ultimate good?
Sure of each other's changing mood?*

*Shall we pass by an oasis fair
In the desert drear, and pausing there,
Gaze with longing eyes and heart aburst,
And question the wisdom of quenching
our thirst?*

My Valentine.

DEAR heart, I love you true,
And ever I think of you.
My foolish heart—it almost breaks
For love of you.

Baffled.

I WANDERED out in the dark of the night,
Where the shadows were closely pressed
Into a sea of black; where the sight
Went out, and my heart was sore distressed.
The dank cold air blew full in my face
And sought to gain entrance within;
But my spirit arose, and not a trace
Of fear and cold could abide therein.

The End of the War.

HAVE you heard the news that came today
From over the sea so far away,
That Germany's thrall is broken at last,
And Tyranny's reign is of the past?

The shackles that bound are struck away,
And Germany's hosts are free men today.
They're children yet in the scheme of things
In this Free song their country sings

Many a discord will make its way,
And mar the lilt of the song so gay.
For the evils grave they have wrought in all
The nations wide, and the heavy pall

Of sorrow and grief that hangs today
O'er all the world in a cloud so gray,
They'll have to pay in sighs and tears
This grievous debt, through many years.

Their barbarous acts to beasts belong,
And the debt so hard to pay
Will drag the chain full ages long,
And no merciful hand will stay

This Karmic law so true and just,
That eternally sifts and bears
Each life's full share—e'en tho' accursed—
It must be paid through many tears.

The Great Adventure.

*MUST I cross the strange threshold alone
And peer through the shadows gray,
Never again to see my home
And my loved ones far away?
The shadows gray but darker grow,
And widen the space between
My home so dear, and the ones I know,
And the ghostly faces unseen.*

*Must I embark on this unknown sea,
And brave its perils alone?
As I question my soul, there comes to me
From out of the Great Unknown,
A Voice so sweetly still and clear
And within so insistent speaks.
It bids me go on and never fear
The shadows' threat'ning peaks.*

*My heart is thrilled by this Voice so sweet,
And the tumult ceases within.
An adventure rare for me to meet,
And solve the great questions therein.
My heart leaps up in a joyous bound,
Eager to be on its way
To explore the depths of the Great
 Profound,*

*And ever in endless way
Go on and on and upward climb
This tortuous Path, that ever winds
'Mid shadows deep and boulders gray,
That ever tend to obstruct the way.*

*So this Adventure is not for me
A journey into an unknown sea.
The jagged rocks that shatter the crest
Of the rushing waves so fiercely prest
'Gainst my frail bark, but courage gives
To my storm-tossed soul on its journey
 rare.*

*I know that souls eternally live!
This Adventure great, is for all to share.*

A Reverie.

*A*WAY down thru the misty past,
In the beautiful long ago,
Mem'ries are crowding thick and fast,
And will not let you go.

In leafy woodland, hill and plain,
By every well- oved spot,
I look and listen; have looked in vain
For you, but found you not.

At last you come to me again
From out of the long ago,
And my heart leaps in glad surprise,
And will not let you go.

You are mine, of my soul a part!
The past is revealed to me.
You are the one who has held my heart
On hill and plain and sea.

How do I know? Ah, who can say?
A sudden flash, my past appears,
And you by my side in the dear old way,
A-journeying down the years.

So on and on thru the ages ahead,
Hand in hand may we journey along.
Content to know that the Cosmic thread
Binds us both in the self-same song.

My Soldier.

STEP by step I march with you,
And share your trials, too.
Your woes are mine,
Your joys sublime
They thrill me thru and thru.

Then we'll keep step, my soldier lad,
My soldier—brave and true—
Within the trench mid shot and shell,
And “over the top” into the hell
Of No-Man's-Land creep thru.

My force to you I'll ably give
When flashing steel meets steel.
That Truth and Justice yet may live,
Not crush-ed be by tyrant's heel,
Nor cruel torture feel.

So step by step I march with you,
My soldier laddie, true.
Your hand in mine,
Your eyes a-shine,
As I march along with you.

Roses.

FOR who should send you roses,
But one who loves you well?
In whose own soul reposes
A faith too sweet to tell.

*So wear my roses on your breast;
I've kissed them every one,
And sent them out upon their quest
To bring you joy anon.*

*Within each chalice deep may wend
My dearest love to you.
A longing wish that you may send
A tender thought and true*

*To meet my own, and mingling there,
Ecstatic joy and peace be ours.
This crowning touch, a sense so rare,
That hallows all life's hours.*

Doubt.

*YOU think I do not love you?
If there is more that I can do
To prove my love for you,
I know it not.*

*You've sent your dart into the deeps,
And to the sky so blue,
And it has ever reached its mark
Because of you.*

*I've sung to you my soul's sweet strain,
My eternal love for you.
I've bared my heart, and yet 'tis plain
These will not do.*

*My gifts to you do not suffice
To prove my heart's deep love.
Could I but know, ay, in a trice
My love to you I'd prove.*

*This little flower that I send,
May it prove a token true.
And in its chalice deep, may wend
A message sweet, for you.*

*Ah! do not doubt my love so true,
It breeds but discontent.
Be sure, dear heart, my love for you
Is Heaven-sent.*

The Turned-down Leaf.

THE book is closed! the leaf turned down!
Sometime, perchance, we may pass this way
d idly see, and wonder why
As we turn the leaves, this was turned
turned to stay.

Was there a pause in our reading time?
An interruption suddenly made?
And did we fear we would miss a line
Of the page so interesting? or the shade

Of a thought but half expressed
Made us turn the leaf, and foolishly
Hope to finish some future time
This ha f-read page of yours and mine?

Ah, never again the sweet fond thrill,
The spell of the writer, the glamour,
but still
A faint perfumed fragrance lingers near
This half-read page, this story dear.

Ah, me! I wonder if 'tis always best
To close the book when the eager quest
Of the reader comes too near
To the soul of the Writer—the Seer.

*For who should send sweet thoughts to you
But one who'll ne'er forget
The happy hours, the heartfelt joys,
Held fast in memory's net.
Then for the sake of Auld Lang Syne
So filled with memories dear,
I pray you read my simple rhymes
That they may bring you cheer.*

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 898 169 5

